



TWISTED

TALES

NO. 5



TERMINATED



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SCRITCH SCRITCH SCRITCH



SCRIPT: BRUCE JONES ART AND COLORING: BILL WRAY
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MAJORITY OF ONE

YOU SHAKEN YOUR HOWL OF PAIN, TO THE BRIGHT, FULL MOON ABOVE YOU AS THE 30-30 JELLS WITH THE SILVER WIRETIPS COASTS THRU YOUR SHOULDER, SHOWERING THE ROCKY TERRAIN WITH BRIGHT BLOOD AND BITS OF SKIN AND FLESH AND FLUR YOU SCREE THE TERRIBLE, BUBBLING HOWL AND STUMBLE FORWARD ACROSS THE PATH OF TUMBOLED STONES BEFORE YOU YOUR KNEES BENDING ABRUPTLY INTO THE ROUGH GRAVEL, A QUICK, DRASTIC BREATH, A FRACTIONAL RESPIRE FROM THE MEN AND DEER PURSUING YOU... AND THEN YOU'RE UP AND RUNNING AGAIN... RUNNING, GRUNNING, ALKING BLAMING AS THE SOUNDS OF THE HOWLS BEHIND YOU ECHOES ACROSS THE DRY CANYON AND THE EXCITED SHOUTS OF THE HUNTERS DRAW EVER CLOSER... EVER CLOSER.



THE DRY, EMPTY CANYON GIVES WAY TO SPRUCE, THEN THICKET, GROWING VEGETATION AS YOU RUN ON, BOOM, A FIR TREE OR TWO APPEAR... AND THEN, LOOMING OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE TANGLED WALL OF VEGETATION THAT IS THE FORTRESS OF SANCTITY YOU HAVE BEEN SEEKING.



YOU PLUNGE HEADLONG INTO THE
DENSE UNDERGROWTH, DOUBING AND
WEAVING AND MOVING TO AVOID
EVERY GOD PROTECTS CREATURES
LIKE YOU THAT SHOOTING BULLETS
WOULDN'T FIND THEIR MARK.



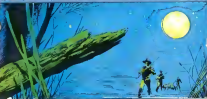
A SUDDEN BRUSH
SEPARATES YOU
THROUGH YOUR LEFT
LEG.



A "BURNING" BUT LITTLE MORE THERE IS NO
PAIN FROM THE BITING INSECT, TEETH, NOR DO THEY MUST
INJURY. THE DEADLY SILVER BULLETS ARE YOUR ONLY
DANGER, ENOUGH.



THE BEAR TRAP HAD COST YOU PRECIOUS TIME AND FORWARD THAT WAS
THE PURPOSE. YOU CAN NO LONGER HOPE TO OUTDISTANCE YOUR PURSUERS THROUGH
SPEED OR STRENGTH. IF YOU ARE TO SURVIVE THIS NIGHT, IT WILL BE BY YOUR WIT.



DOWN, DOWN, OVER AND
OVER, THE NIGHT BECOMES
A WHIRLWIND OF CLAY AND
BRIK, CLAY AND BRT, CLAY
AND BRY...



THEN SILENCE, SAVE FOR THE DISTANT BAYING OF
THE HOUNDS ...



YOU TURN ABOUT ONCE MORE,
SEEKING A NEW DIRECTION--
ANY DIRECTION--AND GLU-
DENNY YOUR PAVED FEET ARE
A TRENDING EMPTY AIR...

YOU LIFT YOUR HEAD HIGHLY...
GUT UP! GUT UP! YOURS
COMES! YOUR SHIN ACROSS
THROAT...



IT MIGHT BE A DEATH
TRAP. IT MIGHT BE
THE WORST THING YOU
COULD DO. BUT DAMNED
ARE THE HOUNDS HAVE
LOST YOUR SCENT IN
THE PAUL...



AND EVEN IF THEY HAVEN'T, THE MEN PROBABLY LACK THE
COURAGE TO MAKE THE CLIMB DOWN... THE CLIFF MEN HAVE
SAVED YOUR LIFE...



"SAFE"...THE WORD SOUNDS
TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE...
"SAFE"...YOU'RE SAFE AGAIN
FOR ANOTHER NIGHT...



THE STRUGGLE IS BRIEF, EVEN THE LARGEST BEAST IS HARDLY A MATCH FOR YOUR INCREDIBLE, SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. YOU STEP BACK, APPREHENDING YOUR WORK... AS THE SOUND OF THE HOUNDS FADES AWAY IN THE DISTANCE...



YOU STEP IN THE CAVE FOR SEVERAL HOURS... UNTIL SOMETHING, AT LAST, DRIVES YOU OUT...



THE BELL OF HOODS...

YOU STEP ACROSS A MOON-COVERED LON AND DOVE UPON THE LITTLE CLEARING, THE LITTLE TALL PAPER SHACK. THE WOMAN IS PULLING WATER FROM THE OLD STONE WELL...



SHE... (GASPS!) SHE'S LOVELY...



...ABSOLUTELY LOVELY...



LOVELY...



WHY IS THERE?

SCREAM!



WHY IS IT?





GO TO SLEEP.
MY DARLING, IT'S
ALL RIGHT.

OH
GOD.

HAVE THEY
COME TO GET ME,
FINALLY?



GO TO SLEEP, BABY. WE
A FRIEND. NO ONE WILL
FLIRT YOU AWAY.



"YOUR
HUSBAND?"

AND THEY
KNOW NOTHING
ABOUT--

THEY SHOT HIM FOUR
MONTHS AGO. WHY AND I
WAS HIDING IN THE
CELLAR.

THEY'RE WATCHING
THE HOUSE, I'M SURE. BUT
SO FAR WE'VE
BEEN LUCKY.
WOULD YOU
LIKE SOME
PIE?



BEFORE THE WAR, MY
HUSBAND WAS A VERY
IMPORTANT MAN, A
GENERAL. THEN ONE DAY
HE OPENED THE DOOR
AND HIS OWN MEN
INVADED IN AND SHOT HIM.
BUT NOW EVERY
PEOPLE FORGET. ONE
YOU'RE NO LONGER. ONE
OF THE MAGNET.

I'M
SORRY.



ONE OF HIS OWN MEN
BETRAYED HIM IN EXCHANGE
FOR A LIFE. DO YOU THINK
THAT'S TERRIBLE? NO --
WHATEVER YOUR NAME
IS?

I DON'T
KNOW. I
WANT TO DO THE
GAME IN A
SIMILAR
SITUATION.

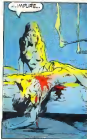


YOU KNOW THE END FIRST? THEY SHOT HIM
BECAUSE HE WASN'T POWER. NOT BECAUSE
HE WAS PART OF THE TIME OR GOOD OR
BAD OR DIFFERENT. BUT BECAUSE HE WASN'T
COMFORTABLE. BECAUSE HE CHANGED WITH-
OUT WARNING. THAT'S THE POINT.



THAT'S WHY THEY'RE
GOING TO KILL YOU. BECAUSE
YOU'RE ONLY ONE PART
OF THE TIME. AND THEY CAN'T
STAND THAT. THEY CAN'T
TOLERATE THAT. IT'S LIKE
BEING BLACK PART OF THE
TIME. OR CHINA. OR--

SHH...





Banjo Lessons

I DON'T KNOW WHY IT HAPPENED. IT JUST HAPPENED THAT'S ALL. AND QUIT ASKIN' ME WHAT I WAS THINKIN'-- I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT I WAS THINKIN'. I WASN'T THINKIN' NUTHIN'. I WAS JUST SITTIN' THERE, THAT'S ALL, JUST TAKIN' IN THE SUNDAY SUN AND SHARIN' A BEER WITH RANCE AND CARTER AND JIMBO. I WAS JUST MINDIN' MY OWN BUSINESS, THAT'S ALL. WE WAS ALL HAVIN' A LITTLE SUNDAY BARBECUE, JUST TAKIN' IT EASY, JUST LAYIN' BACK. CARTER HAD THIS DOG, THIS AWFF HE NOT SUREWHERE AND I THINK IT FEED ON THE PICNIC TABLE OR SOMETHIN'. I DON'T REMEMBER. CARTER WAS YELLIN' AT IT, BEATIN' IT WITH A STICK OR SOMETHIN', CALLIN' IT NAMES... CALLIN' IT NAMES...



David Holmes











MEET BANJO BOYS! MAN'S BEST FRIEND! AND THE LOST LITTLE RETRIEVER IN THE BUSINESS!

YEAH CARTER BUT CAN HE COOK?

HAH HAH!



THAT DOG DID EVERYTHING CARTER TOLD IT TO ... EVERYTHING...

ATTA BOY, BANJO GOOD BOY! NOW FEED ME MY PIPE AND TOBACCO!

HA HA CARTER, YOU SLAY ME!



I GOT IT RANCE!

GO FETCH IT NOW BANJO, ATTA BOY!!

KA BLAM!



THE DOG LOVED CARTER... I THINK HE LOVED US ALL... BUT CARTER... THAT REBEL CREEP...

DOG'S HUNGRY CARTER WHY NOT GIVE HIM A LITTLE GRAVE

EH? CHUCK CARTER?



STINKIN' MUTT!...

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME IN HERE LHM! I BRING YA FLOWERS OUT THERE IN THE BARD WHERE YA BELONG!



IT WAS COLD IN THE SHED... FREEZING AT TIMES... BUT CARTER DIDN'T CARE... I USED TO LIE AWAKE IN BED AT NIGHT LISTENING TO THAT POOR ANIMAL HOWL... THINKIN' OF THEM BIG BROWN EYES...



WHAT FINALLY HAPPENED TO THE DOG SIM?



I DON'T KNOW... HE DIED I GUESS... IT WAS YEARS AGO... THEM EYES... THEM BIG DARK EYES...

I KNOW THIS IS TOUGH MR. CARTER, SO I'LL BE BRIEF. DO YOU REMEMBER ANY UNUSUAL INCIDENT BETWEEN YOUR HUSBAND, SIM, AND YOUR DOG, BUNDO?



SIM SAYS CARTER USED TO TAKE THE DOG ON HUNTING TRIPS WITH HIM...



I ALREADY TOLD YOU ALL I REMEMBER ABOUT THE DOG...



GET OFF MY BED! GET OFF MY GODDAMN BED! THAT'S MY BED! IT BELONGS TO ME!



I'LL DO ANYTHING I WANT ON IT!



CARTER... UPPITY BASTARD... ALWAYS PARADING AROUND LIKE A HOT-SHOT... ALWAYS THE BIG WIN WITH THE WOMEN...



HE'D RUN THAT WRETCHED ANIMAL ALL DAY AFTER QUAIL, THEN BEAT HIM HALF TO DEATH AT NIGHT...



I REMEMBER...
YEAH I REMEMBER
IT SHOWED LIKE HELL
THAT WINTER...
THE ROADS COVERED
OVER...WE WERE
SNOWED IN, YOU
COULDN'T EVEN WALK
THROUGH THE STUFF.



WE RAN LOW
ON FOOD...
FIREWOOD...
IT GOT COLD
IN THE CABIN...
FREEZING...
YOU COULDN'T
HARDLY SLEEP
AT NIGHT...

HEY GUY, RANCE AND ME
IS BUSTIN' UP THE FURNITURE
FOR A FIRE AND...

..WAIT
THE
HELL...

JESUS
CHRIST!
WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN'?

HE WAS COLD
OUT THERE IN THE
SHED, CARTER, HE
WAS FREEZIN'.
I WAS COLD
TOO, I-I WAS
ONLY TRYIN' TO
GET HIM INSIDE.

CARTER BEAT THAT DOG NEARLY UNCONSCIOUS
BEFORE THROWING HIM BACK INTO THE SNOW.
HE NEVER LOOKED AT ME THE SAME WAY
AGAIN AFTER THAT...IT WAS LIKE I WAS A
LEPER OR SOMETHIN'...

THREE MORE DAYS WENT BY WITHOUT FOOD...
THEN CARTER ANNOUNCED HIS PLAN...

NO
CARTER
NOT RANCE!
YOU CAN'T!

WE'RE
STARVIN'
YOU IDIOTS!

YOU
WANNA DIE
OUT HERE?
WELL I
DON'T!

CARTER GAVE EACH
OF US A GUN "WE'RE
GONNA SHARE IN
THIS!" HE SAID.
BUT I COULDN'T GO
I JUST COULDN'T.
I STOOD BY THE
WINDOW AND WATCH
ED WHILE THE THREE
OF THEM DRAGGED
POOR RANCE OUT
BEHIND THE SHED...
...I CAN STILL HEAR
HIM SCREAMING...



I REMEMBER THAT LOOK ON CARTER'S SMUG FACE AS HE SAT THERE AT THE TABLE... I REMEMBER WHAT THE BASTARD SAID...



...AND AFTER YOU ATE THE DOG YOU...

NOT ME!
I NEVER FORGOTTEN HIM!
NOT ARE? I COULDN'T
DO THAT? I COULD
NEVER DO THAT!



WHY IS IT YOU NEVER DISCUSSED THE DOG INCIDENT WITH ANYONE SIM?... I MEAN YOU ALMOST FREEZE TO DEATH THAT WINTER YET MRS. CARTER KNOWS ANOTHER OF THE INCIDENT, COULDN'T EVEN RECALL THE DOG WHY IS THAT?



DID CARTER MAKE YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL? IS THAT IT?

...NO... WHY SHOULD HE?

TELL US AGAIN ABOUT SNAORING THE DOG WHAT WAS IT YOU HEARD THE DOG DOING?



YOU SAID 'SCREAMING'? CAN STILL HEAR HIM SCREAMING? YOU SAID SHALL I HAVE IT READ BACKS?

(I MEANT HOWLIN' HE WAS HOWLIN'?)

YOU MEANT SCREAMING SIM--AND DOGS DON'T SCREAM DO THEY? TELL US AGAIN ABOUT THAT DAY CARTER FIRST BROUGHT BANJO TO THE CASH



H-HE JUST G-STEPPED OUT OF THE CAR WITH THE D-DOG AND... THE DOG SIM? THE DOG? WHY DON'T YOU TELL IT THE WAY IT REALLY WAS?



MEET BANJO BOYS! HANS BEST FRIEND! AND THE BEST LITTLE RETRIEVER IN THE BUSINESS!



